

Good Morning S65

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

PARSON AND PUB DO MEET

Says

Derek Alexander

THE Parson and the Publican—how distant, but close, are they in the village of England.

I think the Publican came first—he is in the majority, of course, though who has the greater influence is debatable. The Publican has always a vast, unnumbered flock—he is the target of ignorant busybodies and he is bound by antiquated legislation.

To become a Publican a man must pass with honours a far stricter scrutiny than does the potential clergyman.

There are few black sheep in the ranks of licensed victuallers—perhaps it's because from their grandstand seat for the procession of life they learn to bar the undesirable.

Publicans have much in common, in spite of the very distinct difference between every house. The sceptic would probably say that Publicans' pleasantries were just stock.

I think not. I believe the successful Publican is invariably a happy philosopher—if not, he is not a success and he doesn't have a business any more. Don't you feel when you go into your local that the landlord's "Good evening" is sincere—that when he bids you "Good night" he means it?

I suppose the country inn is most typical of English hostels because, happily, it has changed but little.

Some have been pulled down and replaced by gaunt, ugly, red-brick erections decorated with glazed tiles and other horrors, but the majority have retained their character and charm.

Most can provide the chance traveller with simple meals and a comfortable bed for the night.

Good English cookery, which few foreigners know anything about, and of the very existence of which millions of English town-dwellers remain all their lives in complete ignorance, is still to be met with in many parts of rural England.

There are hundreds of country inns, in the most enchanting parts of England, where you can live like a fighting cock for a couple of guineas a week, and never taste anything that has not been produced locally. Long may they

be preserved from arterial care and are now very ably conducted.

Many more, though, are run by lazy, incompetent and extortionate individuals whose misdeeds have done much to bring our country hotels, as a whole, into disrepute.

It is unfortunate that some of the worst examples are to be found in cathedral cities and ancient market towns, in which the intelligent tourist, if he could do so without being robbed and half-poisoned, would be glad enough to linger.

But going back to the new, glaring, red-brick buildings which are being rushed up on all the great arterial roads in the neighbourhood of London; to me they are eyesores, these brand-new "Olde Whyte Harters" and "Olde Red Boares," which contrive to infect the countryside with all the unnecessary squalor which our teetotal cranks have inflicted on the urban pub.

A number of these old houses, which are among the architectural glories of our land, have been restored and modernised with the greatest we ought to be proud.

No, I remain a trifle conservative regarding my pubs. To me the English inn is a national institution of which

Plato Talks Here

Truthful Education

EDUCATION has its varying methods, some good, most bad.

There's the old, time-honoured way of either reproving errors or of gently advising against them. You can call these two methods "admonition."

But does it work? A great many thinkers say it does not. Why?

Because all ignorance is involuntary. No one wants to stay ignorant. But—many an ignorant man stays that way because he believes he's clever—a "wise guy." And, in some way or other, we all believe we are "wise guys"—in other words, at some point we all stay ignorant because we believe we are NOT ignorant.

And against that wall of concealed ignorance the usual methods of education are useless. Neither ticking-off nor gentle advice make any impression. That sort of admonitory instruction gives much trouble and does little good.

So—let's turn to a way by which we can cure our own ignorance—get rid of our blind spots.

How?

The method is the one to which Socrates has given his name—the Socratic Method.

Socrates would cross-examine a man's words. He would show the inconsistencies in his opinions; and when these

were placed side by side, he would prove that the opinions were contradictory.

This would gradually reveal to the man in question that maybe he was ignorant of some things about which he believed he knew a lot.

The Socratic method can be applied to ourselves.

By asking ourselves questions.

"What is our belief on so-and-so?"

"Why?"

"And if our belief is this or that, what are the consequences—to what does it lead? And, again—why?"

As Socrates said:

"Refutation is the greatest and chiefest of mental purifications. The man who cannot take contradiction is stuck fast in his own ignorance. Why the collapse and fall of all tyrants? Why the degradation of all dictators? Because nobody can say them nay."

SOCRATES EXPLAINS.

MY art is like that of midwives—except that I attend men and not women, and that I look after their souls and not bodies. The triumph of my art is in examining whether the thought which the mind of a young man brings forth is true or a lie—is fruitful or barren.

Nor is it easier for men to produce the truth than it is for women to bear children.

(Next week, Plato describes how Socrates trained youth, with one example of the Socratic method, in which he asks the question, "What is virtue? And why?")

"Snappin' & Scrappin'"

Torp. Paul Hurrell

cheery message from Mum to you, "Best of luck, and Good Hunting!" we left your home with a smiling Jimmy and Violet playing together.



Your letters are welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1



THE IMITATION OF CHRIST

By THOMAS À KEMPIS

Of Acquiring Peace in Spirit

BLESSED are the single-hearted, for they shall enjoy much peace.

What was the reason why some men were so perfect?

Because they were not taken up too much with their own desires and were not too solicitous about things that pass away; and so they were enabled with the whole interior of their heart to cleave unto God.

But we—seldom do we try to overcome as much as one imperfection in ourselves, nor are we earnestly bent upon our own daily progress.

The whole and the greatest hindrance to peace of mind is that when we meet with any small adversity we are too quickly dejected and turn away to seek after human consolation.

If we strove like men of courage to stand fast in the daily battle of our own lives, we would see that truly is God at our side.

For He is ready to help those that fight: for those who trust in His Grace, and with His Help, all things may be done.

Let us therefore lay an axe to the root of the evil, that, being purged from passion, we may possess a quiet mind.

IF EVERY YEAR WE ROOTED OUT ONE VICE—AND ONE ONLY—WE SHOULD SOON BECOME MEN OF MANLY STATURE.

But now we often find it quite otherwise; that we were better and more pure at the beginning of each year than at its ending.

Our fervour and our progress ought to be greater every day.

But is it not true that nowadays it is thought a great thing if a man can retain some of his original fervour and determination to progress in things of the spirit?

IF ONLY WE WOULD USE A LITTLE VIOLENCE UPON OURSELVES AT THE VERY BEGINNING, WE MIGHT LATER DO ALL GOOD THINGS WITH EASE AND JOY.

It is hard to put aside old-established habits.

It is still harder to go against our own self-will.

And if you cannot overcome things that are light and small, what will you do when you meet grievous odds?

So take your courage in your hands at the very beginning and break off those evil customs you may have with all your strength—and that at the very beginning.

Les, perhaps, little by little, those customs take possession of you. For then, indeed, will the fight be grave.

So begin now, and place your trust in God.

OF AVOIDING HARSH JUDGMENTS.

LOOK upon yourself and do not judge others.

For in judging others a man often errs and sins easily; but if he looks into himself, he always labours with fruit.

Remember how easy it is to misjudge others.

There is often something lying inside our hearts, some secret desire which draws us along with it—and thus do we lose the ability to judge.

For most of us seek only ourselves in what we aim at, and often the best of us do not recognise this.

How many of us grow sad at heart when things do not fall out as we desired—simply because we desired.

How easy it is, then, to judge others wrongly.

For no man is led willingly further than he himself sees or likes.

So judge not, that ye be not judged.

Strange—but True

Farthings struck in Queen Anne's reign now sell for £1, and those engraved with the design of "Peace in a Car" fetch £5.

Largest battleship in the world is undoubtedly H.M.S. "Cormorant," Admiralty name for Gibraltar.

Tycoon, a title for the Emperor of Japan used by foreigners, is not recognised by the Japanese, since it means simply "great prince," and his subjects believe that the Emperor is Heaven-born, and they themselves are the children of the gods.

Correspondence Course in Love! Took 18 years

HONORE DE BALZAC has rightly been called the "Dickens of France." Throughout his life he wrote of great romance, yet, by an ironic fate, his own story is one of the strangest ever told.

It began one day when he received a scented letter from an unknown admirer. The postmark, "Odessa," intrigued him. The signature, "A Foreign Lady," told him nothing, except of the romantic sentimentality of his correspondent.

The note was a mere brief tribute to his greatness, for he had already won riches and fame.

Judge his astonishment a few weeks later when he glanced down the "agony" column of a newspaper and saw an advertisement from his unknown Odessa friend:

"For H.B. from the Foreign Lady.—A line from you in this column will assure me that you have received my letter, and that I can write to you freely."

Trembling with excitement, Honore de Balzac at once penned a reply: "H.B. received the letter that only today he is able to acknowledge."

Presently a letter arrived from Russia, and he read it eagerly.

EVE'S FIRST MAN.

"I should like to know you," wrote the scented charmer, "yet it is not needful. I can already guess what you are like. Your image is so constantly before me that I believe I could pick you out from a crowd."

And this time it was signed, even more mysteriously, "Eve."

Balzac was overjoyed. Never handsome, he had grown swarthy and cynical over women. Now he was loved for the first time! Yet it transpired that he was loved by another man's wife, and the mother of five children at that!

His Eve soon revealed herself as the Baroness Hanska, as youthful and beautiful, to judge by a miniature, as he expected, and living in boredom on the estate of a husband twenty-five years her senior.

Not a whit disturbed by these revelations, Balzac continued his interchange of letters for eighteen years of passion in pen and ink.

After three years he saw his charmer for the first time. She slipped out for a brief, stolen hour.

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "rest" and "work") are mixed in phrase (b).

- (a) SMEAR INKY RAG.
- (b) CITY FEUD FAILS.

(Answers in No. 391)

Says Ron Garth

"I will keep my hand, my heart for you until I am free," she whispered.

Balzac's letters became even warmer as the years slipped away. Eighteen years of courtship, and then Balzac received the letter he had long awaited that told of the death of the rich Baron Hanska.

His lady-love was free, but she was now well over forty and tortured with rheumatic gout. What was more, she no longer wanted to marry Balzac !

With ever more fiery letters, written with the skill only he possessed, the novelist overcame her coquettish qualms. They were married in 1850, and he declared, "I am crazy with joy!"

Alas, after only five months, his wife went to Dresden to buy some jewellery. In her absence, Balzac fell ill—and died.

Clubs for Liars, Sick and Sorry

IT'S a deeply-rooted human instinct to get together, and weird and wonderful have been the 'Articles of Association' of some famous clubs.

The Liars' Club had members all over the world, and the ability to tell tall stories was enough to justify membership. I don't know why ladies were excluded from membership—perhaps they were considered too logical or too experienced in stripping masculine blarney.

Another international organisation is the Sick and Sorry Club which caters for those who like a good moan in company. Candidates with sourpuss expressions are welcomed, and here is one club where you can grouse your head off without being a bore.

Not so long ago there was a Split Farthing Club in many villages and cities. Here you could be mean, and proud of it! Tightwads, Scrooges and meanies of all sorts could get together and gloat about having passed flag-sellers or taken candy from the little fists of crying babes.

One shudders to think of scenes at the Club bar when each member waited for his neighbour to call for a round. There are hundreds of Hen-pecked Husbands' Clubs in the States, and possibly a few over here. It's difficult to say, because their meetings are very hush-hush naturally!

Here the over-married male can meet fellow-sufferers and give his considered views on his mother-in-law, his wife's hats and other woes, and receive the balm of sympathy.

Another American club caters for the folk who get no joy out of their profiles. It's the Ugly Faces Club, and candidates must produce cauliflower ears, squints, hare-lips and similar trademarks to qualify. For a few

hours a week members can feel real proud of their ugly kissers, and snap contemptuous fingers at the film star Adonis.

We have had a club over here with a sound idea. Its members included Elgar and Kreisler, and it was called the You Be Quiet Club.

Under penalty of a heavy fine, you couldn't unbutton your lips unless you could speak on your subject with established authority. There wasn't much talk, but what there was was real quality. Line-shooters avoided the place as if it were a leper colony.

There have been clubs for survivors of Reno; for pole-squatters; for Income Tax dodgers; and even for Spanked Wives! Fan clubs flourish on both sides of the Atlantic.

Frank Sinatra commands mil-

lions of young swooners every time he bleats into a mike. But he sinks into oblivion beside Tommy Dorsey, the famous trombone-player.

There are over 2,000 Dorsey fan clubs in the States alone, and he sends them all pictures, letters and often his trombones when he has finished with them. Most of his fans are girls, and they roll up in their thousands at his concerts, and wear sweaters embroidered with the maestro's initials.

If you are a dabbler in magic, there are Magicians' Clubs all over the country. I've been to one or two meetings, but never again! The last time, I had my braces whipped off while I was having a drink.

The magicians, like other clubbable folk, are not having an easy time these days. Even the nicest magician would be tempted if a brother-member suddenly produced a rabbit or a new-laid egg.

And the various Wine and Food Clubs also have to be content with ersatz menus, in fancy French, and sparkling conversation.

Oxford is the home of many strange clubs. In my day we met solemnly once a year, wearing tailcoats with claret-coloured lapels and drank to the health of King Charles the First. Another club was named after an obscure Elizabethan poet. We drank a pint in his honour and promptly settled down to serious and unpoetic elbow-bending!

The Eccentrics' Club, which is off St. James's Street, has a clock that gives you a shock if you've had one or two drinks beforehand. The 1, 2 and 3 don't appear on the dial at all, and the hands have a strange knack of going backwards.

ALEX BRUCE.

USELESS EUSTACE



"The very idea, hawking black market stuff here! Want to give the place a bad name?"

ROBOT DETECTIVES GUARD BRITAIN'S RADIUM HOARD

Peter Davis tells you

BURIED deep beneath the rubble and debris of the Marie Curie Hospital at Hampstead, thousands of pounds' worth of precious radium lay in two tiny lead containers.

Civil Defence workers had to be warned away until scientists hunted and found the radium with the aid of special apparatus. Radium in the smallest quantity is the most lethal substance known; a pin-speck of deadly danger when uncontrolled, or wondrous healing power when harnessed.

One-hundredth of a milligram would kill a human being if inhaled. Radium is worth £6,000 a gramme, and there are only between seventy and eighty grammes in the whole of Britain.

Much of it is stored deep underground in the Cheddar Caves, and in lonely regions in the heart of Wales. Yet about half of it has to be kept in hospitals ready for use.

Artesian well borers have been used by the hospitals to provide deep safety pits where the radium can be safe from harm in leaden tubes. When the millionth chance comes off and radium is bombed while in use, the "radium hounds" spring into action.

Startling devices are trained on the scene, mechanical robots with a sixth

radium sense. One, an electroscope, consists of no more than a gold leaf fastened at one end to a metal rod. Electrically charged, it stands out at right angles to the rod, but the presence of a particle of radium discharges the electricity and causes the gold leaf to drop.

In one recent case a radium needle had actually fallen into a pile of soiled dressings which were thrown into the hospital incinerator.

The silver and platinum tube melted;

but radium is virtually indestructible, and the workers knew it was still intact somewhere in the roaring blaze. They waited till the ashes had cooled, then removed them in buckets. One load after another.

Presently they noticed that it moved only when the pigs were nosing by. Pig by pig they continued the search.

Finally a butcher killed one isolated pig—and the radium was discovered.

It was probably the only radium-bearing spam ever seen!

other was placed under the "radium hound." When the gold leaf fluttered at the twenty-third bucket the search was virtually over.

When the electroscope is not sufficiently sensitive, a device known as the Geiger-Muller counter is brought into action. Whether emanating from a pile of rubble or an inferno of fire, radium rays create clicks in its loud-speaker. So sensitive is the instrument that twenty milligrams of radium—half the normal capsule quantity—can be detected at 135 feet.

In Warsaw, when the radium department of a hospital was practically blown sky-high, they rushed the Geiger-Muller apparatus through the streets. It retrieved a large proportion of the radium from the roof of a block of flats!

Radium has been dropped down the drains in a Canadian hospital, and city engineers supplied a physician with a map of all the sewage pipes. Starting down the street from the hospital with his apparatus, he slowly walked three blocks before the crackle of his apparatus revealed the presence of the radium to an inch.

Once a nurse momentarily placed a radium needle on a surgical table. There it stuck to a piece of adhesive tape and was thrown away. Before the loss was discovered the rubbish had been carted to a pig-farm forty miles away. Two laboratory workers rushed to the farm and tested endless piles of rubbish. In the middle of their search the needle of the indicator quivered and then was still.

Presently they noticed that it moved only when the pigs were nosing by. Pig by pig they continued the search. Finally a butcher killed one isolated pig—and the radium was discovered.

It was probably the only radium-bearing spam ever seen!

CRASH—SMASH—SUCH A RELIEF!

SASHMING statistics are level. Since then they have remained at a stationary maximum.

Tea-shop managers say that in the winter the black-out increases the damage. As the dusk draws on, the proportion of smashes is two and a half times greater than in the morning hours.

Light-dazzled customers could be excused if they were careless. But there are seven smashes behind the counter for every one at a table, and there are twice as many average smashes at the washing sink.

In the case of plates, the percentage is five times as high, but glasses, strangely, are rarely smashed in cafes. Why do most people smash more coffee cups than tea cups?

Behind the scenes, experts are watching our destructive propensities. In a laboratory in Kensington, new crockery is tried out for its safety.

In one tea-shop recently the proportion of breakages was heavier than elsewhere. Experts kept watch. Then they discovered that stooping and smashes went together. When the height of the washing benches was increased a little, smashes came almost to a standstill.

Don't count the letters—we've done it for you. There are 56—that is, if Jenkins Stationmaster isn't hiding some more. What does it mean? Well, man—er—maybe something like . . . the - village - with-the-little-white-church-in-a-pleasant-valley. No, we don't know, we've got no Welsh. Any rate, the station name-board is put up for English visitors. They fold it up when winter comes. And the people of Anglesey call the village plain Llanfair. P. G.

Good-night? Ah, no! The hour is ill Which severs those it should unite; Let us remain together still, Then it will be good night.

Shelley.



BUCK RYAN



STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

SEVERAL of the exiled Allied Governments established in London are preparing new postage stamps to take the place of the Nazi Occupation issues when the countries are liberated. A number of these Occupation issues have come into the hands of English collectors, and I have illustrated them in this column. There are surely many more we have yet to see, and later the whole question of their philatelic status will have to be gone into.

There will be no such doubts regarding the authenticity of the new stamps. I hear that

M. Nemeč, Czechoslovak Minister for Economic Reconstruction, is arranging for the printing in Britain of 500 million stamps for use in liberated Czech territory.

The designs may be those used in the miniature sheet printed for the recent Czechoslovak Stamp Exhibition in London. As the koruna may be abandoned, and a name for the new currency has not been decided upon, the values will be designated by figures only: 1, 1½, 2 and 2½, together with the initials C. S. R. for Czechoslovak Republic. They will be used for fiscal as well as postal purposes.

It is unlikely, when the Pacific war is finished, that we shall find many provisional issues in countries now held by the Japanese. For reasons best known to themselves, the Japs do not favour the policy of imposing Occupation stamps on subject peoples. I don't say this always holds good, but it is generally true.



Complaints reach me from collectors, not all of them new to the hobby, about disreputable dealers to whom they have fallen victims. There are instances where the dealer has produced a letter authenticating a stamp which has later proved to be a forgery. Some of the dealers bear foreign names, and this has increased the suspicion of my correspondents that the men are rogues.

It should be borne in mind that to-day there is an unprecedented demand for postage stamps, and prices rise so quickly that even new catalogues soon lag behind the market. Dealers can get the money they ask. If a stamp is priced appreciably below catalogue, it may be (a) a forgery, (b) in bad condition, or (c) reconditioned by cleaning and repair - in other words, a fake.

Before the war there were quite a number of disreputable stamp dealers known to the trade, and the influx of foreign dealers has no doubt added to that number. I must add, in all fairness, that the refugees I have met in London are straight dealers, well known in their own country. There are names which have appeared in periodical advertisements for years that I would trust less readily.

As regards the letters supporting the authenticity of stamps, they may be genuine enough, but not the specimens which accompany them. I doubt whether they have value at any time. If you consider you have been victimised in a stamp deal, the British Philatelic Association, at 3 Berners Street, London, W.1, will always be glad to hear the details.

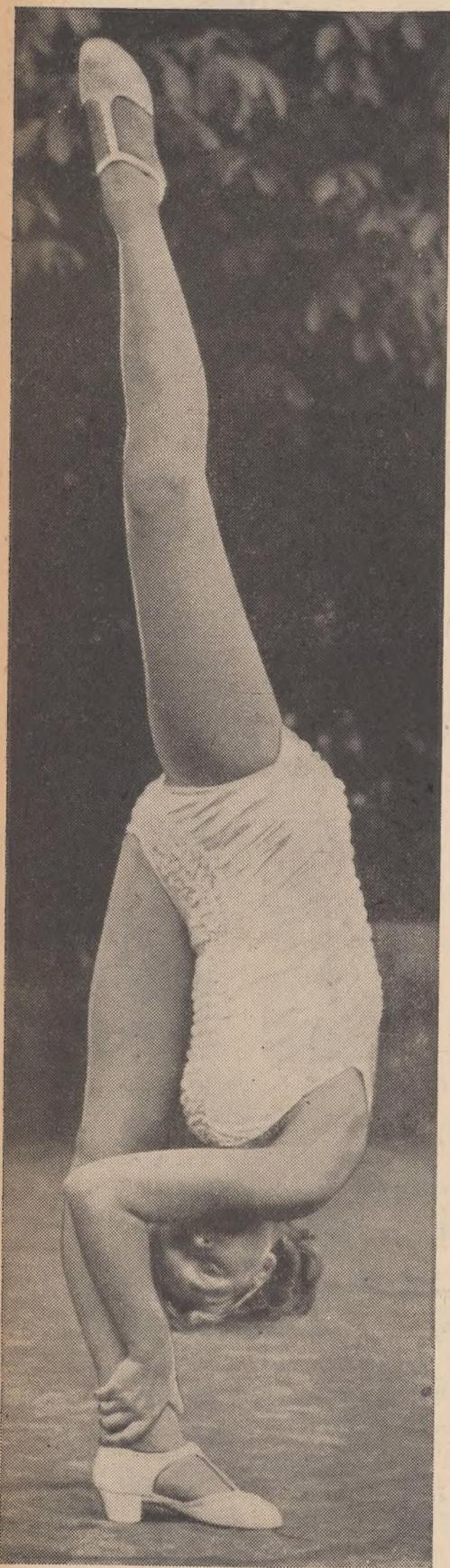
Illustrated here are two French commemoratives depicting Francois Clouet and King Henry IV, which I referred to in the last issue but did not reproduce.



The Bolivian stamp is an Air Mail which I have only just received, though it was issued in the autumn of 1941. At the foot of this column is a superbly designed Belgium charity stamp, issued, of course, under German Occupation, in aid of Winter Help. It is by photogravure, is coloured sepia and carmine, and carries a surcharge of 20f. The Belgium charities always carry an unusually high premium.

Good
Morning

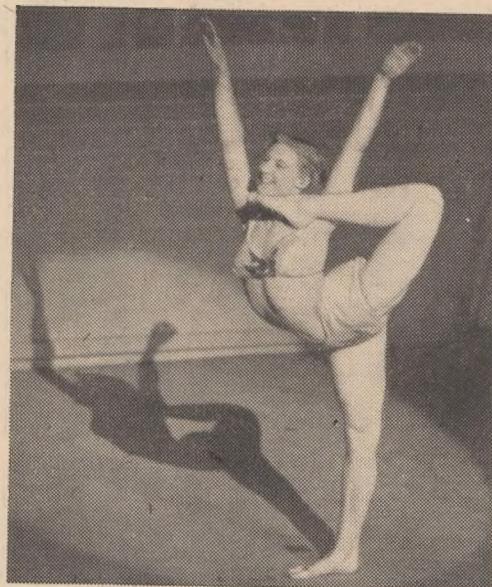
ACRO-BATTY



But a girl must
be given a leg-
up now and
again



Well, if people WILL
buy silly furniture,
they must put up
with these new-
fangled chairs



She always loved being
tickled under the chin, but
dang it all her boy friends
have gone, so she must do
something



A new method
of learning the
breast-stroke



We never could
understand why,
but she always
carries a spare
pair of legs
around, you
know